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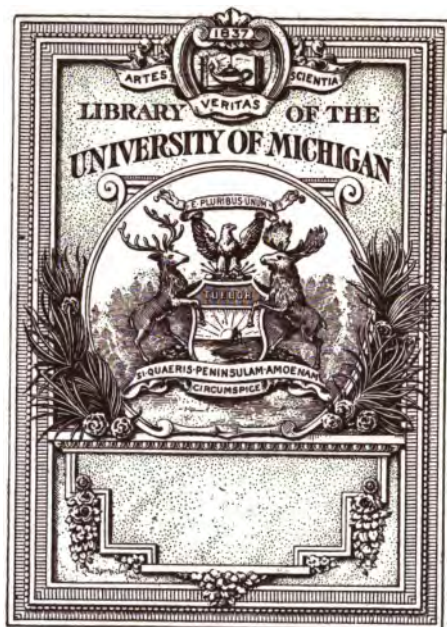
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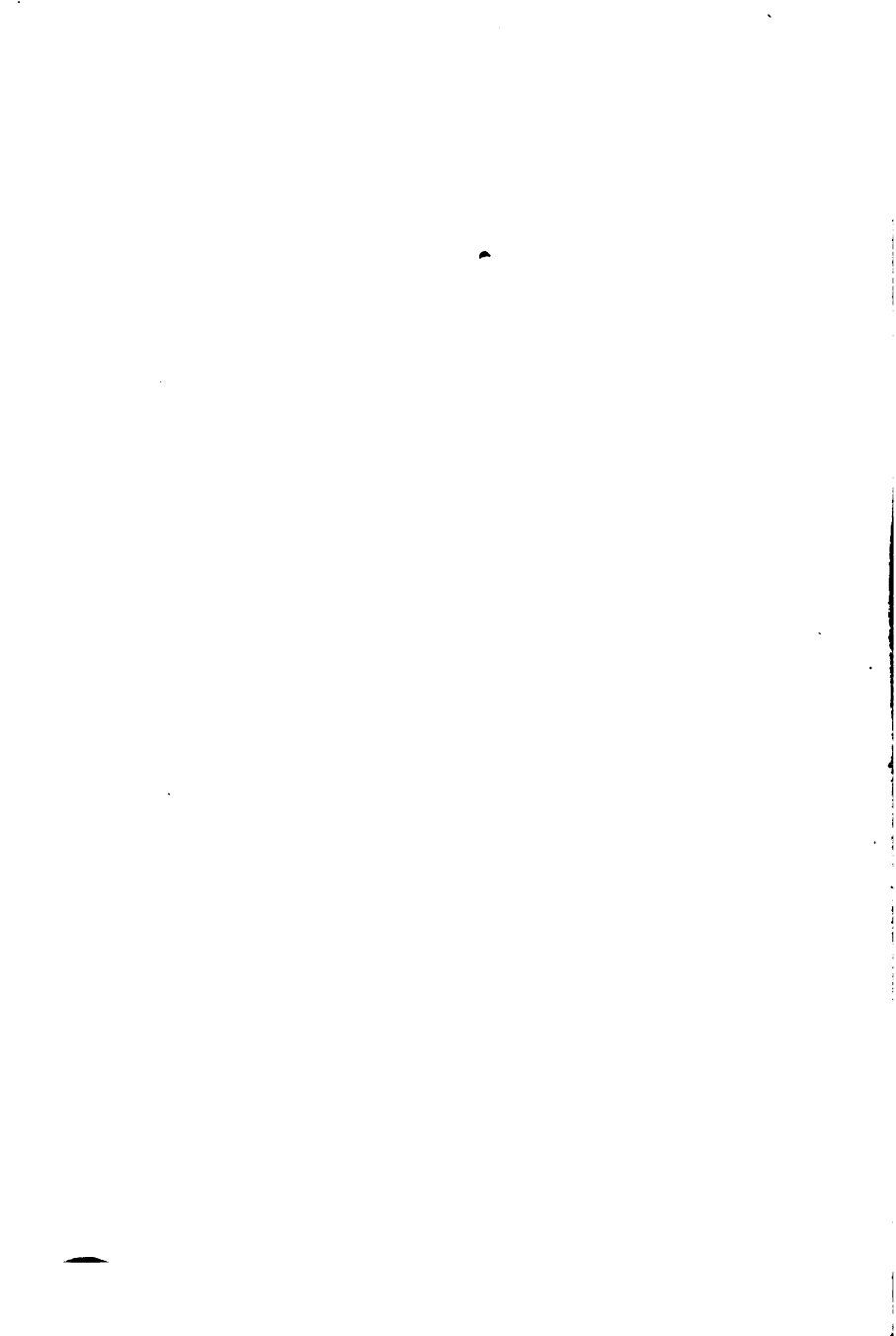
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# POEMS

## PASTORAL AND PSALM

BY  
REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND



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## POEMS: PASTORAL AND PSALM.

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### THE FIRST ROBIN.

HERALD of the happy year,  
Robin redbreast, art thou here?  
Welcome to thy destined goal;  
Welcome, songster of the soul!

Age and Childhood find in thee  
Kindred bond of sympathy;  
Hope and Memory are one  
In thy song's sweet unison.

Common freehold all hearts claim  
In thy nature's artless aim;  
Best of priests and poets, thou,  
Singing on the leafless bough.

Mead and mountain, wood and wold,  
Wait the rapture manifold,  
Which shall prove thee saint and seer,  
Dearest minstrel of the year!

Every note like April rain—  
 Thou transmutest, in thy strain,  
 With the season's subtle power,  
 Winter's dearth to summer's dower.

Glow the mold with vernal fire  
 Kindled by thy love's desire;  
 Nature wakens, at thy call,  
 To her Easter festival.

Mateless messenger divine!  
 Peerless privilege is thine:  
 Thou interpretest to Faith  
 The deep mystery of death.

---

**THE MEADOW AIR IS SWEET.**

THE meadow air is sweet,—  
 The cowslip's cup of gold  
 Is full of fresh and fragrant dew,—  
 More full than it can hold.

The meadow air is sweet,—  
 The blackbird's mellow note,  
 Like water in a little brook,  
 Flows gurgling from his throat.



The meadow air is sweet,—  
The stream that cheers the lea  
Will feel the willow's tender kiss,  
E'en to the distant sea.

The meadow air is sweet,—  
Hark! from the old elm tree—  
Ah! only lovers understand  
The oriole's ecstasy.

The meadow air is sweet,—  
The clover, handsome—white,  
With dainty odors woos the bee,  
And fills her with delight.

The meadow air is sweet,—  
The bobolink is there!  
When he is mute a faery flute  
Seems echoing in the air.

The meadow air is sweet,—  
The daisy in the grass  
Looks up to see the clouds, and feel  
Their shadow as they pass.

The meadow air is sweet,—  
The swallow flashes by,  
Too merry for a moment's rest  
Between the earth and sky.

6 POEMS: PASTORAL AND PSALM.

The meadow air is sweet,—  
The day wanes in the west,  
And twilight's soothing shadows lull  
The weary world to rest.

---

**A CONTRAST.**

IN the green silence of this sylvan shore  
How servile seems the city's ceaseless roar!  
How vain the restless rivalry for pelf!  
How low the aim that centers all in self!

The penury of Pride—the sordid care  
Of souls despoiled of poetry and prayer—  
Seems in these happy shades to be  
The comedy of misery.

---

**THE GOAL.**

SWEET scents, sweet sounds, sweet scenes!  
With all that intervenes  
In sweeter solemn silences profound,—  
Whereinto overflows,  
In forest, river, rose,  
Passionless being, beauty without bound.

How deep the mind's repose!  
 The vagrant sea breeze blows  
     With kindred pulses through the fragrant  
     shade;  
 And sod and soul are blent  
 In blest enfranchisement,—  
     Prefiguring the end for all things made.

For life and love, supreme  
 Beyond Isaiah's dream,  
     Shall bear all being to its blissful goal;  
 The wondrous word is true:  
 "Lo! I make all things new;"—  
     *The universe is ransomed with the soul.*

---

### UNANSWERED.

WHITHER away, ye argosies of Heaven,  
 In solemn state advancing from afar?  
 What mission marshals you? What chival-  
     rous emprise  
 Darkens the glory of the sapphire skies?  
 Say, was your empire's ancient quiet riven  
 With rumor ominous of distant wrong and  
     war?  
 Or speed ye forth with snowy sails unfurled,  
 And radiant pennons shimmering in the haze,

8      POEMS: PASTORAL AND PSALM.

To bring with proper pomp, to his empyreal  
    throne,  
Your monarch with his bride?—*he loveth her  
    alone,—*  
Dear daughter of the Sun, the peerless virgin  
    world,  
Long cloistered in his bosom's brightest rays.  
  
No answer but a deeper shadow cast,—  
And lo! the splendid mystery has passed.

---

**EASTER ANTICIPATED.**

HARK! 'tis the Robin, poet-priest,  
Absolves rude Winter's wrong:  
The heart of Nature is released,  
And soareth out in song.

---

**UNDER THE MOON.**

BEAUTIFUL Luna, bride of the night!  
Sweet is the sheen of thy soft silver light;  
On castle and cottage in splendor it streams,  
Blessing the earth with its bountiful beams.

Thou cheerest the vigils of shepherd and seer;  
 To sailor and lover alike thou art dear;  
 Forever and ever thy kingdom shall be:—  
 The heart owns thy sway like the tides of the  
 sea.

---

### HEART'S-EASE.

THE day will not give place to night,—  
 The darkness pierces like the light;  
 My care prolongs the noontide glare,  
 And makes a desert everywhere.  
 O! what will ease a burning brain,  
 And the weariness that is worse than pain?

Think of twilight and the dew,—  
 The stars serenely shining through  
 The tranquil depths of peaceful blue;  
 Muse on the moon's majestic grace;  
 How worshipful her radiant face  
 In midnight's solemn loneliness!  
 Nature is silent unto God—  
 His comforts are exceeding broad.

Receive the word his works declare:  
 "The peace of God is everywhere."  
 Too weak for praise, too faint for prayer,  
 The benediction of the air

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Be thine whose lot it is to share  
 Life's ceaseless, slow-corroding care.  
 Be still, and breathe the balm divine,  
 Arcturus' joy, Orion's wine ;  
 So shalt thou know the blessed law  
 Whence stars their strength and beauty  
 draw,  
 Inheriting their influence  
 In quietness and confidence,  
 And ever, cheerfully as they,  
 Press onward in thy heavenward way.

---

### THE REWARD.

FROM green to gold  
 The year grows old,  
 With beautiful increase;  
 The seasons wane  
 To ripened grain  
 And Nature's deepest peace.

The same sure plan  
 Is thine, O man!  
 Alike for sod and soul,  
 The law of love—  
 Enthroned above—  
 That guides thee to thy goal.

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*Have faith in God;—*  
Who gives the clod  
Its meed of fruit or flower.  
Shall crown thy cares,  
Thy tears, thy prayers,  
With an immortal dower.

---

### STRUGGLE AND REST.

My life was overcast with care,  
And doubt pursued me everywhere;  
Still farther into gloom unknown  
I wandered desolately lone,  
Till, in the depths of self-despair,  
The darkness deepened into prayer;  
And lo! when hope was almost gone,  
The midnight brightened into dawn.

. . . . .

Around my heart was drawn the coil  
Of cheerless, unrelenting toil;  
Nor any respite could I find,  
Nor any comfort for the mind,  
When His dear cross appeared to me,  
Whose service is true liberty;—  
The thought of Jesus brought me rest,  
And meekness made my burden blest.

**COMPENSATION.**

DEEP calleth unto deep;—the heart  
That dwelleth from the world apart  
Is sometimes doubly sad ;  
But lo! the light that overflows!  
The desert blossoms like the rose,—  
The wilderness is glad!

The faith serene, the lofty cheer,  
The love triumphant over fear,—  
A paradise below!  
Such is the treasure each may find,  
(The rapture of a quiet mind,)  
And such, in part, bestow.

---

**BETRAYED.**

DECEIVED, defloured, despoiled!  
O drooping lily, late with light aglow!  
Around thy root is coiled  
The hidden horror of a nameless woe.

Deceived, defiled, despoiled!  
Is there no healing for a broken heart?  
O God! hadst thou but foiled  
The fatal spell of the betrayer's art.



Deceived, despised, despoiled!  
The blight has fallen on thy peerless  
bloom;  
To bless thy bride! eager ages toiled;—  
A moment's glamour leaves thee endless  
gloom.

---

### MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

UNDER her heart her sorrow,  
Under her heart her shame,—  
And darker than death the morrow  
With the brand of the whole world's  
blame.

. . . . .

Under her heart her glory,—  
O rapture that knows no alloy!  
Blest Mary! thy travail's sweet story  
Shall waken the whole world's joy.

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### OTHER SHEEP.

PAGAN, Papist, Protestant!  
What is that to thee or me?  
Make not Heaven's mercy scant  
With thy pampered bigotry.

14 POEMS: PASTORAL AND PSALM.

Who made thee the judge to be  
Of thy brother's destiny?  
Deem not that thy shibboleth  
Holds the keys of life and death.

Ah, that secret, sullen sign!  
Call it not decree divine;  
For a letter, more, or less,  
Measures not God's tenderness.

"Other sheep I have," said One  
Who was more than Mary's son;  
Eyes as blind as thine shall see  
His amazing charity.

When it claims the judgment throne,  
What is creed but craft and cant?  
God will surely know his own—  
Pagan, Papist, Protestant.

---

NIAGARA.

MAJESTIC symbol of eternal power!  
Dread oracle of eons all unknown!  
Before thy presence Pomp and Passion  
cower,—  
All men are equal at thy awful throne.

Abashed, the eager babble of the mart,  
 To silence shamed, the vulgar greed for gain;  
 No more ambition goads the weary heart,  
 And Toil forgets its unrequited pain.

Stern type of Truth's inexorable law!  
 No room remains for envy or for pride;  
 Here prince and pauper stand in common awe,  
 Swayed by the spell of thy resistless tide.

A rushing, seething Sinai,—thou dost pour  
 On sluggish consciences the solemn sense  
 Of justice infinite: thy thunder's roar  
 Declares to Wrong relentless recompense.

Against our arrogance thy strength doth  
 plead;  
 Deep unto deep imperiously calls;  
 Impartial annalist! the nations read  
 Their transient glory on thy ageless walls.

Yet dost thou deign to dower the moment's  
 need,—  
 Our dreams exceeding by thy bounteous  
 sway;  
 With power unrivaled thy proud flood shall  
 speed  
 The New World's progress toward Time's  
 perfect day.

O mighty monitor! O seer sublime!  
The soul's surpassing grandeur thou dost  
show;  
The fountains of thy immemorial prime  
Through man's immortal being freely flow.

---

**LET IN THE LIGHT!**

LET in the light!  
The sky is bright,  
The air is flowing free;  
The mountains glow,  
The vale, below,  
Is holding jubilee.

Let in the light!—  
Sad oversight  
To miss so sweet a morn;  
The vision flies,  
Awake! arise!  
Each dawn is life reborn.

Let in the light!  
O! read aright  
The day's Apocalypse;  
Its hours enfold  
The age of gold,  
And all thy dreams eclipse.

Let in the light!  
 'Twill soon be night;  
     Prize every moment given;  
 With all thy might  
 Serve thou the right,  
     And leave the rest to Heaven.

---

### THE LAW OF LOVE

O, THE sky is blue above me,  
     And the earth beneath is green,  
 And softly bright the flowing light  
     Floods the boundless space between.  
 But what if the day should darken,  
     And death's dread shadows fall?  
 I need not fear; with heaven so near,  
     Why should the night appall?  
 'Tis but the peaceful portal  
 Unto a morn immortal;  
 For the light that once gladdened the gar-  
     den's deep gloom  
 At last shall transfigure all blight into bloom.  
 For over and under the soul's sore strife  
 Is the blessed law of an endless life;  
 From the sod to the stars, and the stars to  
     the sod,  
 Sways the everlasting love of God.

## A PROPHECY.

O HAPPY, happy, happy boy!  
Let me tell you all your joy;  
Let me whisper in your ear  
All the secret of the seer.  
Let me tell your fortune fair  
To the wide and wandering air;  
Let me share my rapture rare  
With the social, songful air,—  
With the gentle, genial air,  
Kind to laughter and to prayer.

Whatsoever the world may say,  
You shall have the right of way:  
You shall laugh, and you shall play,  
And, in merry roundelay,  
Dance with jolly faun and fay;  
You shall have the wealth of May  
For your dowry every day.

Nature, from her frailest spar  
To her oldest, utmost star,  
All her miracles shall bring  
For your blissful wondering;—  
You shall be her priest and king.  
Knowing what was never known,  
Reaping what was never sown,  
You shall feel the world your own,

On your universal throne.  
 And, in holy place apart,  
 (Blessed are the pure in heart!)  
 In a halo of delight,  
 Jubilant with glorious might,  
 You shall walk with God in white.

This is all was shown to me  
 Of the child's futurity;  
 What the youth and man will be—  
 Sealed is in mystery.  
 Scarcely can his angel see,  
 Face to face with Deity,  
 Farther into certainty.  
*God exceed the prophecy!*  
 God be better to the boy  
 Than the parent's dream of joy.

---

### LITTLE RUTH.

I CANNOT feel that she is gone  
 So far, so far away;  
 Her little heart close to my own  
 Is beating day by day.  
 Ah! tender are these human ties;  
 May heaven at last reveal  
 Why on her eyes a slumber lies  
 E'en tears cannot unseal.

A look this darkness would displace  
 With a divine delight;  
 The soul's rare grace in her fair face.  
 It was a blessed sight!

Her hair a happy halo wore  
 That lit the hearth and hall;  
 Alas! no more my study door  
 Heeds her confiding call.

Dear lips! where mirth and music wrote  
 The lore in Eden sung;  
 Seemed every note from her sweet throat  
 By elf or angel strung.

The robin, hark! is here again,  
 To woo the wondrous child;  
 But all in vain his ardent strain,—  
 Death may not be beguiled.

Sleep, Baby, sleep; we will not weep,  
 Nor moan or murmur make;  
 But O! how deep the dreamless sleep!  
 Would God she might awake.

Asleep? awake! the Shepherd takes  
 His little lamb above;  
 And where she wakes the morning breaks  
 In everlasting love.

. . . . .



But I cannot feel that she is gone  
 So far, so far away;  
 For her little heart close to my own  
 Keeps beating day by day.

---

**WHERE THERE IS NO MORE PAIN.**

THE sharpest pang, the tenderest tear,  
 Not yet are known to thee,  
 Unless thy heart has learned how dear  
 A little grave can be.

A little grave—but O, how wide  
 The room it left for grief!  
 A grief which, like the ebbing tide,  
 Returns without relief.

Dear child! by death made doubly dear,  
 God grant it may not be  
 That thou in heaven should'st ever hear  
 How much we mourn for thee.

One after one the seasons wane,—  
 Our loss, it grows not less;  
 Time's balm is vain to heal the pain  
 Of such a loneliness.

O little grave, that darkened so  
 The path by Sorrow trod,  
 Sometimes the sunset's golden glow  
 Rests on thy daisied sod;—

And then we feel that God is good,  
 And we take heart again,  
 Assured 'twill all be understood  
 Where there is no more pain.

Where there is no more pain—'tis there,  
 'Tis there we long to be;  
 O Thou, who didst our sorrows bear,  
 Bring us to dwell with thee!

Where there is no more pain—how blest  
 Love's kingdom, fadeless, fair!  
 That blissful rest naught shall molest,—  
*Death cannot enter there.*

---

### AMONG THE LILIES.

AMONG the lilies she lies asleep,  
 Our Easter lily, so fair and sweet,—  
 A flower too fair and frail to keep  
 Where love with sorrow and pain must meet.

Among the lilies in Paradise  
(O sweeter than Eden, God's garden above!)  
Stands a little child,—and the same dear eyes  
Look up into ours with immortal love.

Among the lilies! Lord, grant that we  
With the pure in heart thy face may see,  
And find with our loved and our lost a home  
Where pain and sorrow can never come.

---

FORGOTTEN?

By ties as tender as our tears  
Our hearts still hold to thee;—  
Dear child! death cannot blight the years  
Of immortality.



**"IN THE BEGINNING, GOD."**

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**"In Him we live, and move, and have  
our being."**

---

**OUR FATHER.**



ADORATION.

SOLE Source of being, blessed God!  
 Of love the Fountain and the Sea,  
 Thy glorious name alone we laud,—  
 Our springs, O Lord, are all in thee.

In all our paths thy truth we trace,—  
 Thy goodness, infinite, unknown;  
 Our everlasting dwelling place,  
 In thee we live, in thee alone.

To children's children still endure  
 Thy ceaseless care, thy changeless love;  
 Thy covenanted mercies, sure,  
 Shall never, nevermore remove.

O happiness without alloy!  
 We soon with all thy saints shall come,  
 With songs and everlasting joy,  
 To Zion, our eternal home.

O holy, holy, holy Lord!  
 To thee be endless glory given;  
 O be thy name by all adored,  
 For evermore, in earth and heaven.

CONFIDING IN GOD.

FROM thy commandments, Lord,  
O let me never stray;  
According to thy word  
Do thou direct my way.

Be every moment near,—  
Alone I dare not go,—  
And with thy presence cheer  
My pilgrimage below.

Forever in thy sight,  
No harm can happen me;  
The darkness and the light  
Are both alike to thee.

E'en death shall serve thy will,—  
Controlled by thy command;  
No change can work me ill,—  
“My times are in thy hand.”

In this I sweetly rest,—  
Instructed from above,—  
*Whatever is, is best;*  
For thou, O Lord, art love.



**PROVIDENCE.**

O God, our shield! our strong defense,  
Sure staff of souls distress'd,  
Beneath thy watchful providence,  
Thy saints securely rest.

No want have they who seek thy face;  
No good wilt thou withhold  
From them that walk in righteousness,  
The flock of thine own fold.

From strength to strength thy servants go,  
Delighting in thy will;  
Triumphant over every foe,  
They stand on Zion's hill.

Forever blessèd be thy name,—  
And let the whole earth be  
The temple of thy glorious fame,  
And thy salvation see.

---

**ANNIVERSARY PRAISE.**

O SOVEREIGN Love, eternal Power!  
Whose grace hath brought us to this hour,  
Thy covenanted mercies, sure,  
To children's children still endure.

Our fathers' God! to thee we raise  
In cheerful song our grateful praise,—  
And laud and magnify and bless  
Thy everlasting faithfulness.

For blessings on our infant days,  
For guidance through life's later maze,  
For present good, for hope of heaven,  
To thee be endless glory given.

Our children, Lord, with pious care,  
We consecrate to thee in prayer;  
O, be thou tender to our tears,—  
O, be thou better than our fears.

In all our pilgrimage below,  
O, may thy presence with us go;  
And grant us grace henceforth to be  
In sweetest fellowship with thee.

For service, or for suffering, Lord,  
In thee we seek our sole reward,—  
Content, in life and death, to prove  
The comforts of redeeming love.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

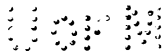
ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the sea,  
Make known thy matchless majesty;  
Rebuke the raging of the deep,  
And bid its surging billows sleep.

Great God, regard thy servants' prayer,  
And grant us, still, thy gracious care;  
Spare us, O Lord; our lives prolong,  
And turn our sorrow into song.

Out of the depths we cry to thee;  
O, let us thy salvation see!  
Thy tender pity may we prove,—  
Thy changeless, everlasting love.

Through gloom and tempest guide our way;  
The sea is thine—it owns thy sway;  
The winds and waves obey thy will,  
Hushed when they hear thy "*Peace, be still!*"

On thee alone our hope is stayed;  
O, be thou our unfailing aid,  
Till, in the haven of thy breast,  
We share thy saints' eternal rest.



THE SANCTUARY.

How amiable thy courts!  
Thy temple, Lord, how fair!  
How pleasant, still, to lowly hearts,  
Thy tabernacles are.

Thither the tribes go up,—  
Thy chosen Israel,—  
With voice of saintly jubilee  
Thy faithfulness to tell.

How excellent they stand,  
The gates of praise and prayer!  
Would God my weary, fainting soul  
Might dwell forever there.

Before the mercy seat  
We find our faith's reward:  
A heart made holy to behold  
The beauty of the Lord.

Thy ceaseless love, O Christ,  
Our pilgrimage shall cheer,  
Till, crowned with everlasting joy,  
In glory we appear.

**"IN QUIET RESTING PLACES."**

MORE rest we want, O God!  
More rest from self and sin,  
More silence for serener thought,  
The soul's true goal to win.

Without, the strife of tongues,  
Within, a wayward will;—  
O Jesus, Saviour! speak, and say,  
"Peace, troubled heart, be still."

In quiet confidence  
We then shall sweetly rest,  
And in thy gentleness, O Lord,  
For evermore be blest.

---

**THE SEASONS ARE THY SERVANTS.**

THE seasons are thy servants, Lord!  
Obedient to thy will,  
Thy everlasting covenant  
They faithfully fulfill.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!  
Summer and winter bring  
Rich blessings from thy gracious hand,—  
The bounty of the King.

34 POEMS: PASTORAL AND PSALM.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!  
Why should thy children fear?  
With loving-kindness manifold  
Thou crownest every year.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!  
The sunshine and the rain;  
The seedtime and the harvest blend  
In our eternal gain.

The seasons are thy servants, Lord!  
Thy changeless love we laud,  
And magnify, with grateful joy,  
The goodness of our God.

---

ASPIRATION AND REST.

O God, of love the *Fountain* and the *Sea!*  
My fainting soul pants ceaselessly for thee;  
Earth's bitter streams no comfort can  
supply,—  
For thee, for thee, the living God, I sigh.

No more below my wayward wishes roam,—  
My heart, at last, is conscious of its home;  
My portion thou, my refuge and my rest;—  
O gracious Saviour, take me to thy breast.

But O, my brothers! comfortless as I,—  
 Alike we languish, and alike we die;  
 Be merciful, O God, and hear the prayer  
 Of every fainting spirit everywhere.

In the dear shelter of thy tranquil breast,  
 O Love divine, a weary world would rest;  
 The whole creation travaileth for thee,  
 O God, of love the Fountain and the Sea!

---

### THE LARGER LIFE.

My years are very few, O God!  
 More rapidly they pass  
 Than clouds whose transient tale is told  
 In shadows on the grass.

My years are very few, O God!  
 But they are full of thee,—  
 A drop of being in thy life's  
 Unfathomable sea.

My years are very few, O God!  
 O, let me clearly see  
 How they grow strong and beautiful  
 In thy immensity.

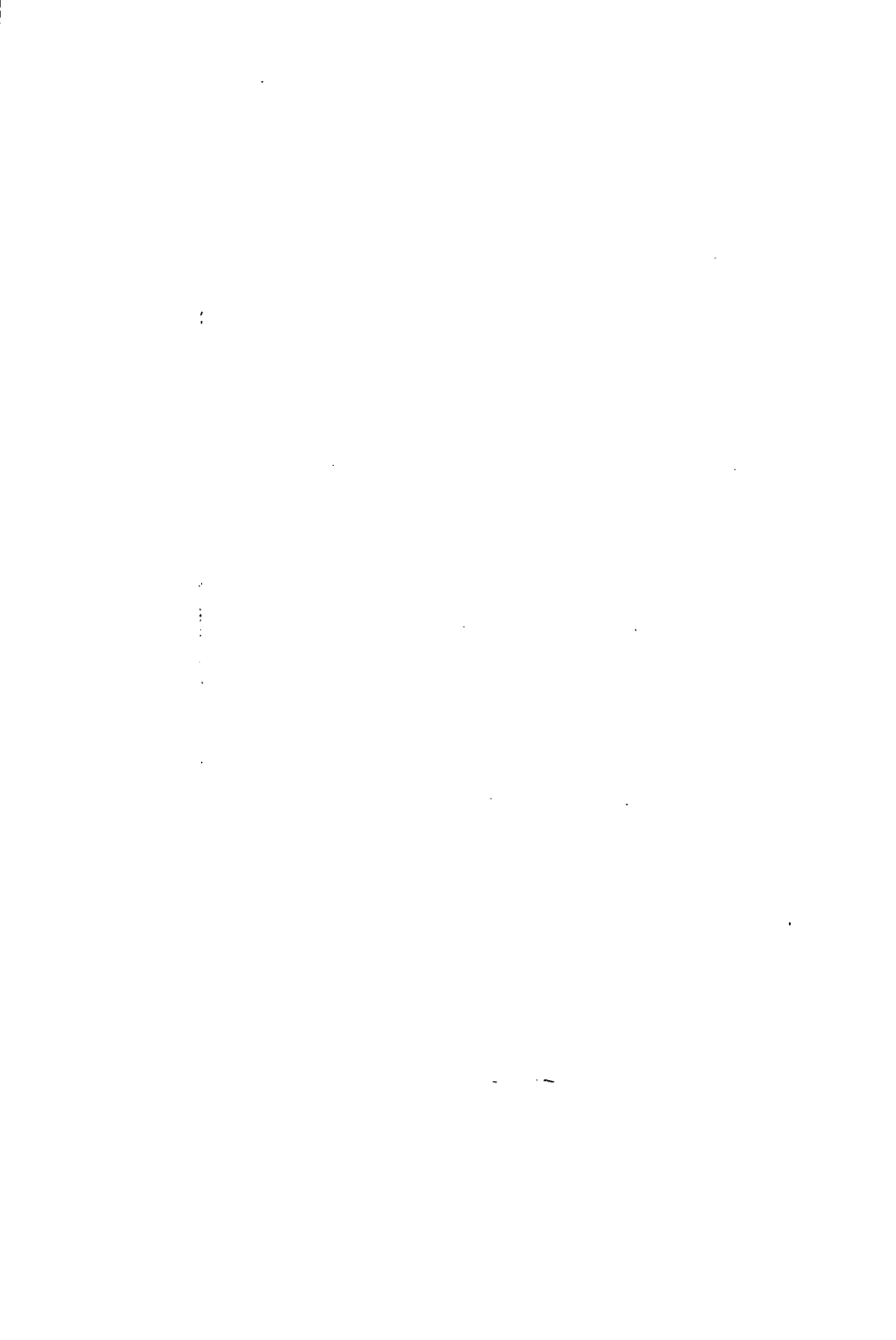
My years are very few, O God!  
The sum of them is small;  
But each may serve thy blessed will,  
And thou shalt have them all.

My years are very few, O God!  
But, safe on sea or land,  
I confidently journey on,—  
My times are in thy hand.

My years are very few, O God!  
On earth, but not in heaven;—  
To thee, eternal Life and Love,  
Be endless praises given.



## **CHRIST IN SONG.**



## CHRISTMAS.

O HOLY, happy morning,  
That saw the Saviour's birth!  
The star, thy brow adorning,  
Beams mercy on the earth.  
For shepherds, and for sages,  
Thy cheer, impartial, free,—  
The travail of the ages  
Finds recompense in thee.

My soul, be thou believing,—  
No more thy past deplore;  
In Christ all loss retrieving,  
Rejoice for evermore.  
By love unknown attended,  
Thy weary watch and ward,—  
Behold! the vision splendid!  
The angel of the Lord!

And hark! the herald angel!  
The radiant, rapturous throng!  
The ravishing evangel  
Floods all the hills with song:  
"To God in heaven, glory,  
Good will to men below;"  
Speed, speed the blessed story,  
That all the world may know.

Repeat it softly, slowly,  
For still, in hut and hall,  
Are lonely hearts, and lowly,  
That hunger for it all.  
Again—again the story!  
Till sin and sorrow cease—  
“To God, the Father, glory,  
And to his children, peace.”

---

### GOLD, AND FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH.

FAITHFUL, followed they the star  
Faintly glimmering afar,  
Till it rested o'er the way,  
Where the Lord of glory lay.  
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,  
Gave each regal worshiper,  
Seeing, in the Babe divine,  
Answer of the heavenly sign.  
Lo! again the star appears,  
Shining through our griefs and fears,—  
Dayspring of the desolate—  
Heaven stoops down to our estate!  
By the path the wise men trod,  
Seek we, too, th' incarnate God;  
Blessed goal, where ends all strife:  
Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Kneeling where the Magi knelt,  
Feeling what the Magi felt,—  
Of all nations the Desire,  
Lord, to thee our souls aspire.

Hasten, heart of mine, to bring  
From thy store fit offering;  
Be a royal worshiper:  
*Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh!*

---

GOOD FRIDAY.

O OUTCAST Christ, rejected King!  
O Man of sorrows, slain for me,  
Accept a sinner's offering—  
A thankful heart that clings to thee.

The purple robe, the taunt, the sneer,  
The crown of thorns, the scourge, the  
cross!  
Remembering these, O Saviour dear,  
I gladly reckon all things loss.

Could grief of mine make meet redress  
For those dark hours of deepest woe,  
O Lamb of God! O Prince of Peace!  
My tears for evermore should flow.

On thee, the sinless One, was laid  
 The guilt of all mankind, *and mine*;  
 Thy grace the ransom doubly paid  
 In human agony divine.

O Son of Mary! Son of God!  
 Thou King of saints, enthroned above,  
 Thy glorious name the world shall laud,  
 And crown thy cross with wreaths of love.

---

### THE RESURRECTION.

RELENTLESS as the council is the cross;  
 The Nazarene is bruised and torn;—  
 Mourn! ye despised disciples, mourn!  
 Priest, scribe, and elder triumph in your loss.

The watch is set,—the sepulcher is sure;  
 Death and the grave and Rome unite—  
 Triumvirate of matchless might—  
 To make Sin's vaunted victory secure.

Secure? With sudden awe the aged earth  
*Feels him alive within the tomb*;  
 And lo! emerging from the gloom,  
 The brightest morning since creation's birth!

The nations see the Dayspring from on high,  
 And greet the mighty miracle  
 With songs that shake the gates of hell.  
 And animate the anthems of the sky.

---

**EASTER-TIDE.**

EASTER bells are ringing,  
 Easter anthems rise,  
 Age and Childhood singing  
 Strains that seek the skies:  
 Seek their source, ascending  
 Where, in rapture sweet,  
 Song and service blending,  
 Saint and seraph meet.

"Christ, the Lord, is risen!"  
 Wondering angels cry;  
 "Broken, Death's dread prison!"  
 Sons of men reply.  
 Blessed song and story!  
 Doubt and fear depart,—  
 Resurrection glory  
 Floods the faithful heart.

Purest, purest pleasure  
 In each bosom wells;  
 Happy, happy measure—  
 How the choral swells!

By that song supplanted,  
Wrath and wrong shall cease;  
From this hour undaunted  
Reigns the Prince of Peace.

Easter lilies, blowing,  
Breathe his praise abroad,—  
All their grace bestowing  
On the Son of God.

Lo! his brow adorning,  
Kings their homage pay;  
Hark! the stars of morning  
Hail his boundless sway.

---

#### THE SURE FOUNDATION.

A STRONG and sure foundation  
Is Jesus Christ, the Lord,—  
Before the world's creation  
The everlasting Word!  
His power, supreme, unbounded,  
He pledges to his own;  
On him their hope is grounded  
Securely as God's throne.

What though the tempest rages?  
No harm his cause sustains;  
Built on the Rock of Ages,  
Unmoved the Church remains.



His word shall stand forever,—

Nor shall one letter fail:

“The gates of hell shall never  
Against my Church prevail.”

From God all grace receiving,

The saints, below, above,

In Christ their King believing,

Shall triumph through his love.

O happy, happy Zion!

The Lamb, for sinners slain,

Is Judah's mighty Lion,

Who shall forever reign!

The Rock of our salvation,—

To thee, O Christ, we raise,

In grateful adoration,

The voice of prayer and praise;

Our common faith confessing,

Thy cross the world shall crown

With glory, honor, blessing,

And infinite renown.

---

### LIGHT OF LIGHT.

OF transient symbol the eternal Truth,

In thee, O Christ, the soul's sure light we find;

Vision and dream of Age and eager Youth,

Thou pourest heaven on every humble mind.

ALL IN ALL.

O LILY, Rose, and Fountain!  
O Dayspring from above!  
O Sun, and Sea, and Mountain—  
Immeasurable Love!  
Sweet Jesus, Shepherd; Saviour,  
May we thy glory see,  
And share thy joy forever,  
Incarnate Deity!

---

A MISSIONARY LYRIC.

LAMB of the riven side,—  
Lord of lords glorified!  
Victim and Victor, thee we adore;  
Shepherd of Israel,  
Saviour from death and hell,  
Mighty Immanuel! reign evermore.

Lion of Judah,  
From Brahm and from Buddha  
Seize for thy glory the sea and the land;  
Where age-long error thralls,  
Where blackest night appalls,  
There, with her radiant walls, let Zion stand.

The gates of the morning,  
 Thy temple adorning,  
 Shall beacon the uttermost isles of the sea;  
 And nations, now unknown,  
 Shall bow before thy throne,  
 And thee their Sovereign own, with saintly  
 jubilee.

Orient and Occident,  
 Hail Him the Father sent!  
 Greet him with shoutings and joyfully sing;  
 On love's blest mission bent,  
 Through Death's wide realm he went  
 Conq'r or omnipotent; crown him your King!

Martyr with gory brow,  
 Monarch in glory, now,  
 Victim and Victor, thee we adore;  
 Shepherd of Israel,  
 Saviour from death and hell,  
 Mighty Immanuel! reign evermore.

---

IN THE MORNING, JESUS.

In the morning, Jesus,  
 Let me see thy face,  
 Altogether lovely,  
 Full of truth and grace.

In the morning, Jesus,  
Let me hear thy voice;  
Speak, and let thy servant  
All the day rejoice.

In the morning, Jesus,  
Manifest thy love,—  
Peace, and power, and blessing,  
Bringing from above.

In the morning, Jesus,  
Show thy cross to me;  
Then, dear Lord, I'll suffer  
Cheerfully for thee.

Every morning, Jesus,  
Every evening, bless;  
Shelter me forever  
With thy righteousness.

. . . . .

In the morning, Jesus,  
When thy saints shall rise,  
Bring me, with the blessed,  
Into Paradise.

**PENITENTIAL.**

AT thy cross, O Christ, to thee  
Low I bow the suppliant knee;  
Cast, O, cast me not away,—  
Help a fainting soul to pray.

Sinful, sorrowful, I wait  
For a look compassionate;  
Surely thou wilt pity one  
So forsaken and undone.

Tell me, Jesus, if it be  
That thy blood was shed for me;  
In thy wounds, O, let me see  
Pardon, peace, and purity!

From the uttermost degree  
Of a sinner's misery,  
Mighty Victor, rescue me;  
Set my captive spirit free.

O that I might have a place  
In the kingdom of thy grace!  
There the penitent are blest,—  
There the weary are at rest.

Saviour, may I call thee mine?  
Yes,—for thou dost own me thine;  
Lo, 'tis written in my heart—  
Mine, forever mine, thou art.

Unto thee be glory given  
 Evermore in earth and heaven;  
 Be thy name by all adored,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

---

**"FAINT, YET PURSUING."**

BREATHE on us thy benediction,  
 Lord of glory, Prince of Peace!  
 Comfort us in our affliction,  
 Bid our fears and doubtings cease.  
 Shepherd of our souls and Saviour,  
 Who, alone, the wine press trod,  
 Well thou knowest the world's behavior,  
 Man of sorrows, Lamb of God!

Therefore, in their tribulation,  
 Turn thy weary saints to thee,  
 Seeking, in thy sure salvation,  
 Peace and power and victory.  
 Strangers here, and pilgrims lowly,  
 Eagerly we follow thee,  
 Longing to be with the holy  
 Who in heaven thy glory see.

Often faint, yet still pursuing,  
 All thy footsteps would we trace,  
 Day by day our hope renewing,  
 Till we see thee face to face.

There, thy glorious throne surrounding,—  
 Every pain and peril past,—  
 We will sing thy grace abounding,  
*More than conquerors at last.*

---

**SALUS PER CHRISTUM.**

COME, thou Desire of nations, come,  
 And make thy promised kingdom sure;  
 Establish in our hearts the throne  
 Which shall eternally endure.

In poverty and pain we wait  
 Thy glorious coming from above;  
 Make haste, O Christ, compassionate,  
 Make haste, make haste, Immortal Love!

Come, in thy plénitude of grace,  
 And satisfy thy people's need;  
 Come, in the greatness of thy strength,  
 And make us, Jesus, free indeed.

Grant us thy peace, dear Son of God;—  
 To us the Holy Ghost be given;  
 In thee the Father's fullness dwells,—  
 All, all is thine, in earth and heaven.

Infinite power belongs to thee,—  
 Thou hast the keys of death and hell;  
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,  
 Our Lord, our God,—Immanuel!

**SUPPLICATION.**

JESUS, King of kings, most holy,  
 Pity us in station lowly,—  
 Lonely pilgrims, wending slowly  
 Toward the city where thou dwellest.

Thou dost see us, weak and weary,  
 In the wilderness so dreary,  
 Mourning that we are not near thee,  
 In thy home so fair and blissful.

Yet thy promises do cheer us;  
 And thy Spirit, ever near us,  
 Bids us pray, for thou wilt hear us,  
 And afford us help and comfort.

Hear thou, now, our supplication,  
 And relieve our sore privation  
 With the strength of thy salvation,  
 King eternal and almighty!

Mercifully guard and guide us,  
 Lest the curse of sin betide us,  
 And an entrance be denied us  
 To thy glorious palace golden.

Once for sinners bruised and wounded,  
 Now by heavenly hosts surrounded—  
 All thine enemies confounded—  
 Be thou evermore our Saviour.



**IN THY LIKENESS.**

ON my heart engrave thy cross,  
Blessed Saviour, Love divine!  
Evermore, in gain or loss,  
- Let me bear that sacred sign.

In my heart thy love enthrone;  
More and more thy rule increase;  
Thine the kingdom, thine alone,  
Lord of glory, Prince of Peace!

To my heart—no longer mine—  
Grant the fullness of thy grace;  
Living, dying, own me thine,  
Till I see thee face to face.

With thy likeness crowned at last,  
O, what rapture it will be,  
When the night of death is past,  
Evermore to dwell with thee.

---

**THE LIGHT OF LIFE.**

O JESUS, sole, sufficient source  
Of hope that heals the sad heart's strife,  
Direct us on our darkened course,  
Thyself the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Thou knowest the way we take, O Lord!  
 Didst thou not prove its painful length?  
 Help of the helpless, still afford  
 Thy pitying love, thy tender strength.

In every trial, every care,  
 Thy patient footsteps may we see;  
 The sorrows of thy cross to share  
 Shall then our joy and glory be.

Secure in thy unchanging love,  
 No toil, no suffering will we flee,  
 Assured that death itself shall prove  
 The path that leads to heaven and thee.

---

#### CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

IN the day of tribulation,  
 In the hour of sore temptation,  
 With the strength of thy salvation,  
 Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

When no more the heart may borrow  
 Hope and courage from the morrow,—  
 In the darkest depths of sorrow,  
 Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

When all aid is unavailing,  
Flesh and heart together failing,  
Sin and death the soul assailing,—  
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

On thy word alone relying,—  
Never thy dear name denying,—  
O, forsake me not when dying!  
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

Crowned, at last, in light supernal,  
Victor over foes infernal,—  
With thy love, supreme, eternal,  
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me.

---

### HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY GUEST!

HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Guest,  
Make thy home within my breast;  
Yearns for thee my weary heart,—  
Come, and nevermore depart.

Where thou dwellest peace abides,—  
Grace surpassing all besides,—  
Priceless treasure, pure and blest,  
Earnest of eternal rest.

God's dear will be done in me  
 Even as it pleaseth thee;  
 Only let me fully prove  
 The sweet comfort of thy love.

Cheerfully, for Jesus' sake,  
 May I every burden take,—  
 Glad to trace the pathway trod  
 By the suffering Son of God.

Blessed Comforter and Guide,  
 Keep me near the Saviour's side,  
 Till I in his likeness rise,  
 Crowned with bliss beyond the skies.

### HOLY SPIRIT, LIGHT DIVINE!

HOLY SPIRIT, Light divine!  
 On our souls in mercy shine;  
 Gates of heaven again unfold;—  
 Haste, for Time is waxing old.

On the Church of Jesus shower  
 All thy plenitude of power;  
 Heal earth's bitterness and strife  
 With the Saviour's love and life.

Over all created things  
 Brooded, once, thy blessèd wings;  
 Groans the world with grief and pain;—  
 Dove divine! descend again.

**"THE DAY OF CHRIST."**

THE Son of man will come,—  
 His promise cannot fail;  
 The royal Conqueror  
 Shall over all prevail;  
 And Earth shall hear his summons dread,  
 And Death and Hell give up their dead.

Ten thousand thousand saints  
 His coming shall attend,—  
 And underneath his feet  
 The firmament shall rend;  
 And, prostrate at his judgment throne,  
 The world his sovereignty shall own.

O Son of Mary! hear  
 A helpless sinner's prayer,  
 And, on that awful day,  
 Make me thy gracious care;  
 O, be my heart's sure hope and stay  
 When the wide heavens shall flee away.

Keep faithful watch, my soul,  
 And pray "Thy kingdom come;"  
 But leave it all to Him,  
 How he shall bring thee home;  
 The resurrection of the just  
 Shall recompense thy patient trust.

**THE CONSUMMATION.**

O SAVIOUR, whose surpassing grace  
Exceeds the guilt thy griefs atoned,  
The praises of a ransomed race  
Be thine, in highest heaven enthroned.

The Father's everlasting love  
Thy blessed life and death declare;  
And still, though crowned with bliss above,  
Our deepest sorrows thou dost share.

O Jesus, merciful and kind,  
The sad and sinful seek thy breast;  
Our souls in thee their solace find,—  
Our refuge thou, our only rest.

The goal is sure, O Guide divine!  
Again the stars of morning sing;  
All wills, all worlds, at last are thine,  
O Christ, Creator, Saviour, King!

---

**ALL SAINTS.**

TEN thousand times ten thousand,—  
Their shining ranks I see!  
With robes of light resplendent,  
And palms of victory!

The crowns they wear are golden,  
 And gemmed with jewels rare,—  
 Fair guerdon of the glory  
 They with their Saviour share.

Their home—the holy city,  
 Within whose ageless walls  
 No shade of sin, or sickness,  
 Or sorrow, ever falls;  
 For *He* is ever with them,  
 The Lamb, their life, their light,—  
 The joy of all the ransomed,  
 The saints' supreme delight.

Dear vision of the blessèd—  
 How homelike heaven seems!  
 Sweet foretaste of the rapture  
 Exceeding all our dreams.  
 O Jesus, Shepherd, Saviour,  
 My guide and guardian be,  
 And bring me, through thy favor,  
 To dwell with them and thee.

---

### OUR LIFE IS LENT.

OUR life is Lent:  
 Our years are spent  
 In penance for the past;

Our songs are sighs,  
Our brightest skies  
With clouds are overcast.

Our life is Lent:  
The old lament—  
“All, all is vanity;”  
And Youth, in tears,  
Awaits with fears  
The morrow's mystery.

Our life is Lent:  
Lord, we repent  
Each folly, fault, and fall;  
Our best resolve  
Do thou absolve,—  
Forgive, forget it all.

Our life is Lent:  
Our hearts are rent,  
As we thy gifts recount,  
And mark again,  
With bitter pain,  
“The pattern in the mount.”

Our life is Lent:  
Our strength is spent;  
O holy Judge, and just,



Receive our prayer,—  
 Poor sinners spare;  
 Remember we are dust!

Our life is Lent:  
 But Jesus went  
     This way; in him confide;  
 'Twill soon be past;  
 Then, for thy fast,  
     *Eternal Easter-tide!*

---

IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR.

“IT doth not yet appear what we shall be;”  
 The goal, the crown, but dimly we discern,—

For evermore from sin and sorrow free,  
 In that blest world for which we often yearn.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be;”  
 Eye hath not seen, nor was it ever told—  
 The height of honor we shall share with Thee,  
 Enthroned in light and rapture manifold.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be,”—  
 Redeemed from death and glorified above;  
 Enough, dear Lord, that we shall be like thee,  
 In that eternal life of cloudless love.